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variations on it with a neatness and energy, that delighted the company*. It is equally calculated for the piano forte, and ranks with Purcel's (or rather the Welsh) ground, as a lesson for that instrument.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN PARRY.

TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ASCENT OF CADER IDRIS†.

THE party, intending to ascend Cader, comprised only the junior part of the family, including the young ladies, Mr. Harper, and myself; and, when the day destined for our jaunt arrived, we left Garthyngghared, eight in number, at nine A. M.,—the ladies on horseback, and the gentlemen a-foot, accoutred in light fustian jackets, straw hats, and stout shoes. It was a lovely morning, as we traversed the dark heather hills, which rise behind the comfortable mansion, from which we set out: not a cloud was there to dim the bright azure of the heavens, and the morning sun shone bright on the green valleys beneath us.

There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
 The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,
 In unapproachable divinity,
 Career'd rejoicing in his fields of light.
 It was a day, that sent into the heart
 A summer feeling; even the insect swarms
 From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
 To sport in one day of existence more.
 —the rocks and glens,
 The forest, and the everlasting hills
 Smil'd in that joyful sunshine,—they partook
 The universal blessing.

The distance from Garthyngghared to Cader Idris is nearly ten

* A new edition of this air and variations has been lately published as performed at Wrexham.

† The following lively account of an excursion to Cader Idris is extracted from a MS. entitled "Recollections of a Visit to Merionethshire, in 1819," another part of which was inserted in the third "Walk round Dolgellau," in the last number of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 117, and where this excursion is also alluded to. The reader cannot fail to recognize, in this account, the work of a correspondent, to whom the CAMBRO-BRITON is already indebted for many interesting contributions of a similar nature.—ED.

miles, through tracts as rugged and desolate as the scenery by which they are encompassed is bold and romantic. Persons, unaccustomed to such wild scenes, would be astonished to see with what facility and adroitness the Welsh horses climb the highest ascents; and they would be equally amazed at the fortitude and dexterity of the mountain-nymphs, who guide them. For my part, I was not a little surprised to find, that our fair companions had been carried by their ponies, to the very summit of Cader Idris. I believe, the young mountaineers anticipated much entertainment from the adventures of Mr. Harper and myself, whom they considered, in every sense of the term, legitimate subjects of the kingdom of Cockaigne, and, consequently, little accustomed to scale precipices, or ford bogs; and, in good truth, they were not greatly disappointed. Our frequent and loud lamentations on the ruggedness of the road, the oppressive heat of the day, and the toilsome length of our walk, certainly displayed our *touristic* qualifications in no very favourable light, and continually provoked the merriment of our more nimble and hardy companions. But the first five or six miles were by far the best and easiest; the nearer we approached the mountain, the more rough, rugged, and difficult became the path, and by the time we arrived at the base of Cader, and prepared to ascend, I looked forward to many a dire mishap, before we gained the summit of the gloomy crags, which beetled high in the heavens above us. Disencumbering ourselves of our jackets, Mr. Harper and I followed Mr. Edward Owen, (his brother having undertaken to escort the ladies by a smoother, though longer path,) up the side of the mountain,—briskly, indeed, and cheerfully, but encountering many impediments by the way. At one moment we bounced suddenly and forcibly against pieces of rock, that jutted out of the earth, and were concealed from our sight by heath or other brushwood; at another, we sunk up to the waist in excavations, formed by nature in the declivity, which we were ascending; and every now and then a pretty audible murmur would escape us, as we extricated ourselves from the one, or recovered from the discomposure occasioned by the other. At length, we gained an eminence, which I had taken, or rather *mistaken*, for the summit of the mountain. “That,” said our conductor, however, when arrived here, and pointing to a huge misshapen mass of rock, still about half a mile distant, “that is Pen y Cader;” and we accordingly strode manfully onwards, and speedily terminated our pilgrimage for a while, by reaching the summit, where

we were soon joined by the rest of our party. But it was the last effort of our exertion; the summit once gained, we seated ourselves on the ground in a state of complete exhaustion.

After resting awhile, we rose to look around us; and we acknowledged ourselves amply repaid for the fatigue we had experienced by the beauty and grandeur of the scenery before us.

Amidst the vast horizon's sketch,
In restless gaze, the eye of wonder darts
O'er the expanse; mountains on mountains piled,
And winding bays, and promontories huge,
Lakes, and meandering rivers, from their source
Traced to the distant ocean; scatter'd isles,
Dark rising from the watery waste, and seas
Dividing kingdoms!

The scene was indeed noble and extensive; mountain beyond mountain rose in the distance beneath us, and bounded our prospect in one direction, while it was terminated in another by a broad and beautiful expanse of ocean, glittering brilliantly in the sun-beams. Towns, villages, rivers, and lakes, (of which we counted upwards of twelve,) were submitted unobscured to our view; and we remained for a long time gazing on the magnificent scene, which our elevated situation afforded, and which the transparent atmosphere of a beautifully clear day enabled us to see to the best possible advantage.

Having satisfied ourselves with viewing the different prospects on the mountain, we repaired to a well, affording excellent water, and situated a little way down its northern declivity. We soon reached it, and, opening a basket of *provant* which we had brought with us, seasoned a very hearty meal with copious draughts of the pure and delicious beverage of this Cambrian Helicon. When we found ourselves sufficiently refreshed, we prepared to depart, Mr. Harper and I accompanying our former conductor,—and the ladies again placing themselves under the guidance of the younger Mr. Owen. Our guide led the way down one of the most rugged passes in the mountain, that known by the name of *Llwybr Madyn*, or the Fox's Path. The reasons, which induced us to encounter the difficulties of *Llwybr Madyn*, were two fold; first, we should save, at least, two miles of the road, a point well worthy of those who travel the wild hills of Merionethshire; secondly, one part of the *Llwybr* affords a very fine echo. Under these circumstances, then, we commenced our descent with cheerfulness. If we found the task of ascending

laborious, that of descending was equally so, and fraught with far more danger. The extent of *Llwybr Madyn* I should imagine to be nearly two miles; and the declivity is extremely steep, and covered in many places with a species of loose slate, which a succession of dry weather had rendered exceedingly slippery. Where this slate is not to be found, the sides of the mountain afford growth to heath and gorse, concealing large stones, with which we frequently came in contact, as we were impelled downwards by the stream of loose stones, which we had set in motion. In a hollow, at the foot of this delectable "path," is a deep and dark pool, into which, it is highly probable, we should have been precipitated, had we been luckless enough to have made a false step, or acquired too violent an impetus by our haste to reach the bottom. The echo is, indeed, remarkably fine, and the blast of a small bugle, which Mr. Edward Owen sounded, had a very beautiful effect, as it reverberated from point to point, and died away in the distance. It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that we saw, as we were descending, two goats, high and hardly discernible among the brown beetling crags above us. These were the only animals of this kind I ever saw in a wild state in Wales; and I am informed, that there are generally two or three to be found among the almost inaccessible cliffs of the "Fox's Path."

Having descended the pass, we gained something like level ground, in comparison with that, which we had just been traversing, and we experienced the comfort of a tolerably smooth road for the remainder of our journey. About half way between Garthyngared and the foot of the mountain an elderly peasant, whom we saw at work in a field by the road side, after the usual salutation, invited us to his cottage, close by, to refresh ourselves. Although he spoke in a language, with which I am not very familiar, yet I could perceive an eager earnestness in his manner, which evinced the undisguised sincerity of his intentions, and we did not decline an invitation so *naïve*, yet so cordial. So, the ladies, with their conductor, having previously joined us, eight in number, we entered the good man's hut. Our approach disturbed the repose of two very large pigs, who retired with audible tokens of displeasure at the intrusion; but we were heartily welcomed by a decent old woman, our host's wife,

"—*pia Baucis anus, pariliq̃ ætate Philemon,*"

who hastened to set before us such simple fare, as the cottage

contained, and a table was quickly spread with oat-cakes and milk, bread, butter, cheese, and *succan**. It is pleasing to record these unassuming traits of hospitality. Indeed, among the secluded hills of Wales the peasantry always evince a readiness to offer the traveller such refreshment, as their humble situation affords; and they seek no other recompence than the commendation of their simple and honest hearts. These little acts of kindness and sincerity,—these gratifying proofs of virtue and purity,—strengthen and ennoble the hearts of those, who display them, and deeply impress the minds of those, upon whom they are exercised, with the liveliest feelings of gratitude and admiration. It will be long, ere I forget this mountain-peasant's courtesy,—courtesy so unaffected and sincere, and offered with so much good will, alacrity, and earnestness. It is needless to add, that we all left the cottage highly delighted,—and no one more so than the writer of these *Recollections*.

We reached Garthyngared at six in the evening; and our fatigue may be partly estimated, when it is known, that we were absent nine hours, two-thirds of which time, allowing three hours for our stay on the mountain and our sojourning at the cottage, were spent in walking. Besides, the paths we traversed were far from smooth; and, although Mr. Harper and I excited the friendly jokes of the family by our comparative effeminacy, we could very well perceive, that we were not the only persons who were wearied by the excursion.

R.

CRAIG PWLL DU.

To the EDITOR of the CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—A small stream empties itself into the Wye, on the Radnorshire side of the river, called the *Matchway* by the English, but *Bach Hwyt*† by the natives. At the place of its dis-emboguemment it separates the parishes of *Llan Deilo Graban*‡ and *Llan Ystyffan*§. My motive for alluding to it is on account

* A kind of very small beer usually drank by the common people in Wales, and not very unlike cyder in flavour.

† Qu. *Bach Gwy*, the small stream?—ED.

‡ *Teilo* was a saint of the sixth century, to whom there are several churches dedicated in South Wales.—ED.

§ *Ystyffan* was also a saint of the same period, as well as an elegant moral poet.—ED.